

JACK
AND
THE BEAN-STALK

HALLAM TENNYSON



ILLUSTRATED BY
RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

fol

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JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK



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AND
THE BEAN-STALK

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

BY
HALLAM TENNYSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1886



PREFACE

IN his last letter to me Caldecott wrote: 'I have been making several attempts at the Giant, and have been cogitating over the Illustrations to "Jack" generally. During the winter I shall be able to show you some of my ideas.'

The following unfinished Sketches are the 'ideas,' which, with Mrs. Caldecott's kind permission, have been reproduced.

H. T.



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TO MY FATHER,
IN RECOGNITION OF WHAT THIS BOOKLET OWES TO HIM,
AND TO MY NEPHEWS,
'GOLDEN-HAIR'D' ALLY, CHARLIE, AND MICHAEL,
WHO HAVE SO FAR CONDESCENDED
AS TO HONOUR IT WITH THEIR APPROBATION.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

JACK was a poor widow's heir, but he lived as a drone
in a beehive,

Hardly a handstir a day did he work. To squander her
earnings

Seem'd to the poor widow hard, who raved and scolded
him always.

Nought in her house was left ; not a cheese, not a loaf,
not an onion ;

Nought but a cow in her yard, and that must go to the
market.

" Sell me the cow," cried she ; then he sold it, gad ! for a
handful——

Only to think !——of beans. She shied them out thro'
the window,

Cursing him : hied to her bed, there slept, but awoke in
amazement,

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Seeing a huge bean-stalk, many leaves, many pods, many
flowers,

Rise to the clouds more tall than a tall California pine-
tree ;

High as a lark was Jack, scarce seen, and climbing away
there.

“Where an’ O where,”* he shrill’d ; she beheld his boots
disappearing ;

Pod by pod Jack arose, till he came to a pod that alarm’d
him.

Bridge-like this long pod stretch’d out, and touch’d on an
island

Veil’d in vapour. A shape from the island waved him a
signal,

Waved with a shining hand, and Jack with an humble
obeisance

Crawl’d to the shape, who remark’d, “I gave those beans
to ye, darling.

I am a fairy, a friend to ye, Jack ; see yonder a Giant
Lives, who slew your own good father, see what a fortress !
Enter it, have no fear, since I, your fairy, protect you.”

Jack march’d up to the gate, in a moment pass’d to the
kitchen

* “Where an’ O where is my Highland laddie gone?”

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Led by the savoury smell. This Giant's wife with a ladle
Basted a young elephant (Jack's namesake shriek'd and
turn'd it).

Back Jack shrank in alarm : with fat cheeks peony-bulbous,
Ladle in hand, she stood, and spake in a tone of amuse-
ment :

" Oh ! what a cramp'd-up, small, unsequipedalian object !"
Then from afar came steps, heavy tramps, as a pavior
hamm'ring ;

Out of her huge moon-cheeks the redundant peony faded,
Jack's lank hair she grabb'd, and, looking sad resolution,
Popt him aghast in among her saucepans' grimy recesses.
Then strode in, with a loud heavy-booted thunder of heel-
taps,

He with a tiger at heel—her Giant, swarthy, colossal :

" I smell flesh of a man ; yea, wife, tho' he prove but a
morsel,

Man tastes good." She replied, " Sure thou be'est failing
in eyesight ;

'Tis but a young elephant, my sweetest lord, not a biped."
Down he crook'd his monstrous knees, and rested his hip-
bones,

Call'd for his hen, said " Lay ;" so she, with a chuck cock-
a-doodle,

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Dropt him an egg, pure gold, a refulgent, luminous
oval,—

That was her use :—when he push'd her aside, cried,
“Bring me the meat now,”

Gorged his enormous meal, fell prone, and lost recollection.
Jack from a saucepan watch'd his broad chest's monstrous
upheavals :

Then to the chamber above both dame and tiger ascended.
“Now for it, hist !” says Jack—“coast clear, and none to
behold me,”

Airily Jack stole forth, and seized the plump, money-
laying,

Priceless, mystical hen ; ran forth, sped away to the bean-
stalk,

Heard from afar, then near, heavy tramps, as a pavior
hamm'ring,

Sprang down pod by pod, with a bounding, grasshopper
action,

Left the Colossus aghast at an edge of his own little
island,

Lighted on earth, whom she, that bare him, fondly
saluting,

Dropt a maternal tear, and dried that tear with her
apron,

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Seeing him home and safe ; and after it, all was a hey-day,
Lots of loaves, and tons of cheeses, a barnful of onions ;
Cows and calves, and creams, and gold eggs piled to the
ceilings :

Horses, goats, and geese, and pigs, and pugs by the
hundred.

Ah! but he found in a while his life of laziness irk-
some.

“Climb me,” the bean-stalk said with a whisper. Jack,
reascending,

Swarm'd to the wonderful isle once more, and high
habitation ;

Led by the fairy return'd to the fortress, pass'd to the
kitchen,

Unseen, hied him again to the saucepans' grimy recesses,
Peep'd out into the room. The plump wife, peony-
bulbous,

Toasted a constrictor, which roll'd in vast revolutions.

Then strode in, strong-booted again, with a roar, the
Colossus :

Call'd for his harp, said “Play.” So this, with a sharp
treble ting-tong,

Play'd him an air, a delightful, long-drawn, national
anthem,

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Play'd him an air, untouch'd, (the strings, by a fairy
magician

Wrought, were alive). Then he shouted aloud, "Wife,
bring me the meat now,"

Gorged his elongate meal ; the snake in warm revolutions,
Making his huge bulk swell, disappear'd like Man's
macaroni :

After, he yawn'd and snored, fell prone, and lost recol-
lection.

So Jack seized the melodious harp, and bolted. A
murmur

"Master, master, a rascal, a rascal !" rang thro' the harp-
strings.

Quickly the monster awoke, and wielding a cudgel,—
an oak tree,—

Chased little Jack with a shout of mighty, maniacal
anger ;

Jack to the beanpod sprang with a leap, and desperate
hurl'd his

Limbs in a downward, furious, headlong pre-cipitation,
But for a wink up-glanced ; his foeman's ponderous
hob-nails

Shone from aloft : down crash'd big pods, and bean
avalanches.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

“Haste mother, haste mother, oh! mother, haste, and
bring me the hatchet!”

Cried Jack, alighting on earth. She brought him an
axe double-handed.

Jack cleft clean thro' the haulm; that Giant desperate
hurl'd his

Limbs in a downward, roaring, thund'ring pre-cipitation,
Crash'd to the ground stone-dead with a crash as a crag
from a mountain.

“I'm your master now,” said Jack to the harp at his
elbow;

“There's your old 'un! of him pray give your candid
opinion!”

Sweetly the mystical harp responded, “Master, a rascal!”



JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Jack was a poor widow's heir, but he lived as a drone in
a beehive,
Hardly a handstir a day did he work. To squander her
earnings
Seem'd to the poor widow hard, who raved and scolded
him always.



"JACK."

Nought in her house was left ; not a cheese, not a loaf,
not an onion ;

Nought but a cow in her yard, and that must go to the
market.

“Sell me the cow,” cried she ; then he sold it, gad ! for
a handful——

Only to think !——of beans.





She shied them out thro' the window,
Cursing him : hied to her bed, there slept, but awoke in
amazement,
Seeing a huge bean-stalk, many leaves, many pods, many
flowers,
Pod by pod Jack arose, till he came to a pod that alarm'd
him.
Bridge-like this long pod stretch'd out, and touch'd on
an island
Veil'd in vapour.



“ I AM A FAIRY.”

A shape from the island waved him a signal,
Waved with a shining hand, and Jack with an humble
obeisance
Crawl'd to the shape, who remark'd, “ I gave those beans
to ye, darling.
I am a fairy, a friend to ye, Jack ;

See yonder a Giant
Lives, who slew your own good father, see what a
fortress!
Enter it, have no fear, since I, your fairy, protect you.”
Jack march'd up to the gate,



In a moment pass'd to the kitchen
Led by the savoury smell. This Giant's wife with a
ladle
Basted a young elephant (Jack's namesake shriek'd and
turn'd it).
Back Jack shrank in alarm: with fat cheeks peony-
bulbous,
Ladle in hand, she stood, and spake in a tone of amuse-
ment:
"Oh! what a cramp'd-up, small, unsequipedalian object!"



Then from afar came steps, heavy tramps, as a pavior
 hamm'ring ;

Out of her huge moon-cheeks the redundant peony faded,
Jack's lank hair she grabb'd, and, looking sad resolution,
Popt him aghast in among her saucepans' grimy
 recesses.

Then strode in, with a loud heavy-booted thunder of
 heel-taps,

He with a tiger at heel—her Giant, swarthy, colossal :



“HER GIANT.”



“HE WITH A TIGER.”



“I smell flesh of a man ; yea, wife, tho' he prove but a
morsel,
Man tastes good.”

She replied, "Sure thou be'est failing in eyesight ;
'Tis but a young elephant, my sweetest lord, not a biped."
Down he crook'd his monstrous knees, and rested his hip-
bones,



Call'd for his hen, said, "Lay ;" so she, with a chuck cock-
a-doodle,
Dropt him an egg, pure gold, a refulgent, luminous oval,—
That was her use :—when he push'd her aside, cried,
"Bring me the meat now,"
Gorged his enormous meal, fell prone, and lost recollection.



Jack from a saucepan watch'd his broad chest's monstrous
upheavals :

Then to the chamber above both dame and tiger ascended.
“ Now for it, hist !” says Jack—“ coast clear, and none to
behold me,”

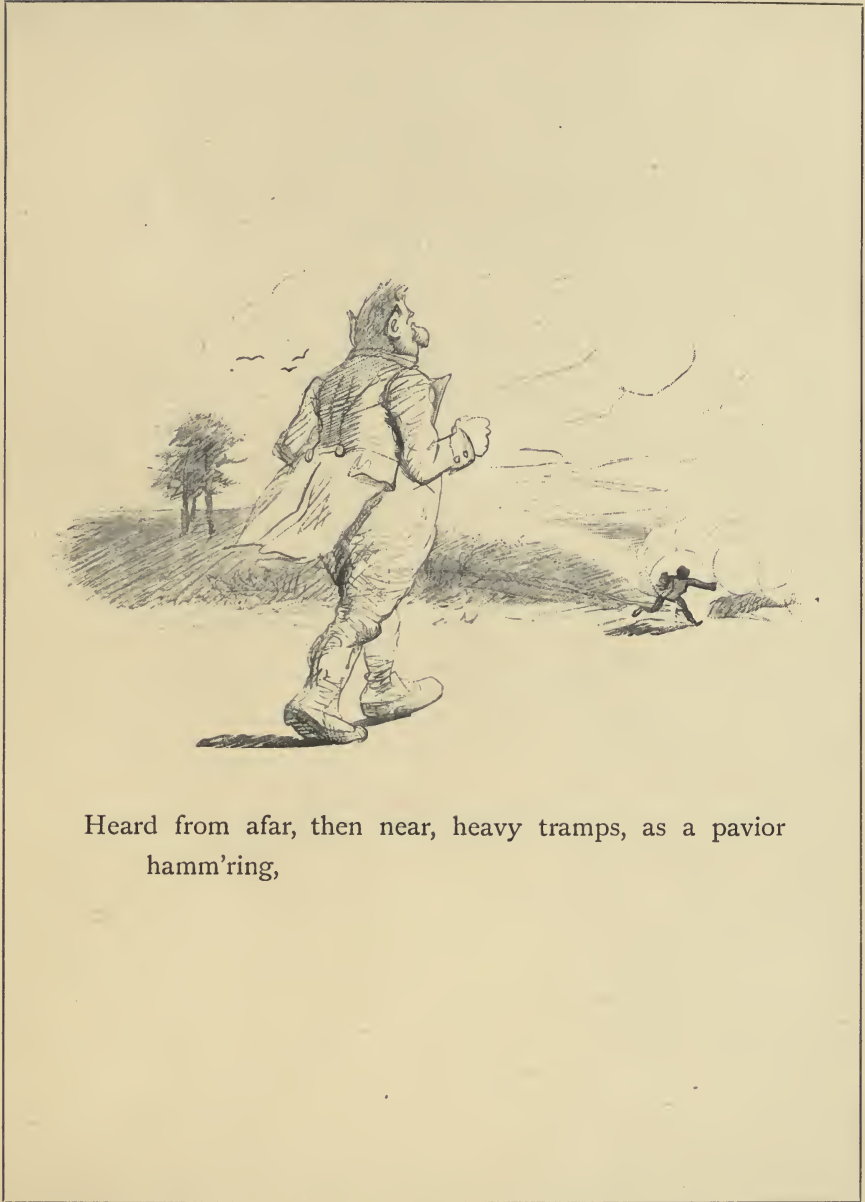
Airily Jack stole forth, and seized the plump, money-
laying,
Priceless, mystical hen ;



“ HIS BROAD CHEST’S MONSTROUS UPHEAVALS.”



Ran forth, sped away to the bean-stalk,



Heard from afar, then near, heavy tramps, as a pavior
hamm'ring,



“ THEN NEAR.”



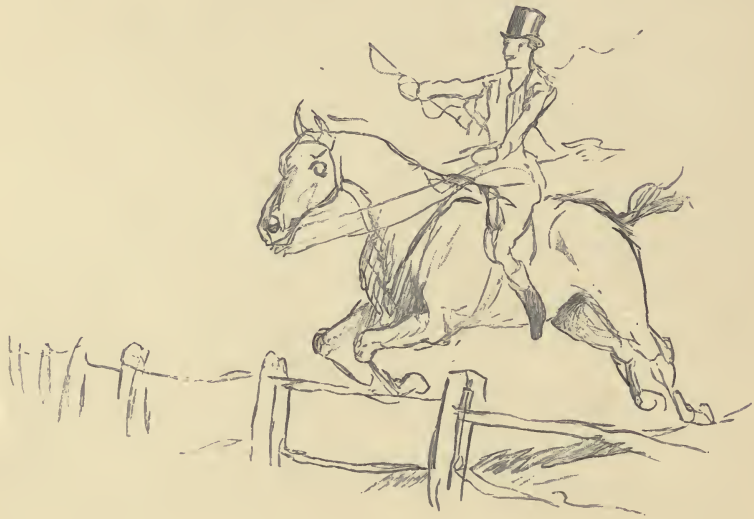
Sprang down pod by pod,

With a bounding, grasshopper action,
Left the Colossus aghast at an edge of his own little island,



Lighted on earth, whom she, that bare him, fondly saluting,
Dropt a maternal tear, and dried that tear with her
apron,
Seeing him home and safe ; and after it, all was a hey-day,





Lots of loaves, and tons of cheeses, a barnful of onions ;
Cows and calves, and creams, and gold eggs piled to the
ceilings :

Horses,



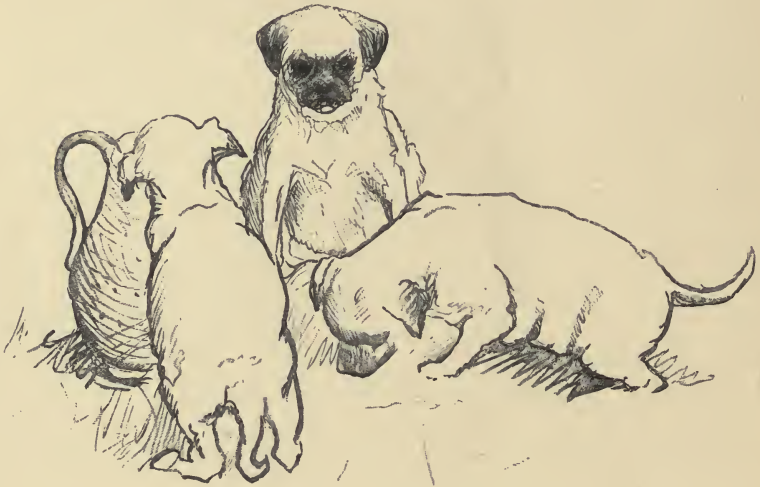
Goats,



And geese,



And pigs,



And pugs by the hundred.



“IDLE JACK.”

Ah! but he found in a while his life of laziness irksome.
“Climb me,” the bean-stalk said with a whisper. Jack,
reascending,
Swarm’d to the wonderful isle once more, and high
habitation ;
Led by the fairy return’d to the fortress, pass’d to the
kitchen,
Unseen, hied him again to the saucepans’ grimy recesses,
Peep’d out into the room. The plump wife, peony-
bulbous,
Toasted a constrictor, which roll’d in vast revolutions.

Then strode in, strong-booted again, with a roar, the
Colossus :
Call'd for his harp, said "Play."



So this, with a sharp treble ting-tong,
Play'd him an air, a delightful, long-drawn, national
anthem,
Play'd him an air, untouch'd, (the strings, by a fairy
magician
Wrought, were alive).





Then he shouted aloud, " Wife,
bring me the meat now,"
Gorged his elongate meal ; the snake in warm revolutions,
Making his huge bulk swell, disappear'd like Man's
macaroni :



After, he yawn'd and snored, fell prone, and lost
recollection.



So Jack seized the melodious harp,



And bolted. A murmur
"Master, master, a rascal, a rascal!" rang thro' the harp-
strings.
Quickly the monster awoke, and wielding a cudgel,—
an oak tree,—
Chased little Jack



With a shout of mighty, maniacal anger ;



Jack to the beanpod sprang with a leap, and desperate
hurl'd his
Limbs in a downward, furious, headlong pre-cipitation,
But for a wink up-glanced; his foeman's ponderous
hob-nails
Shone from aloft :



Down crash'd big pods, and bean
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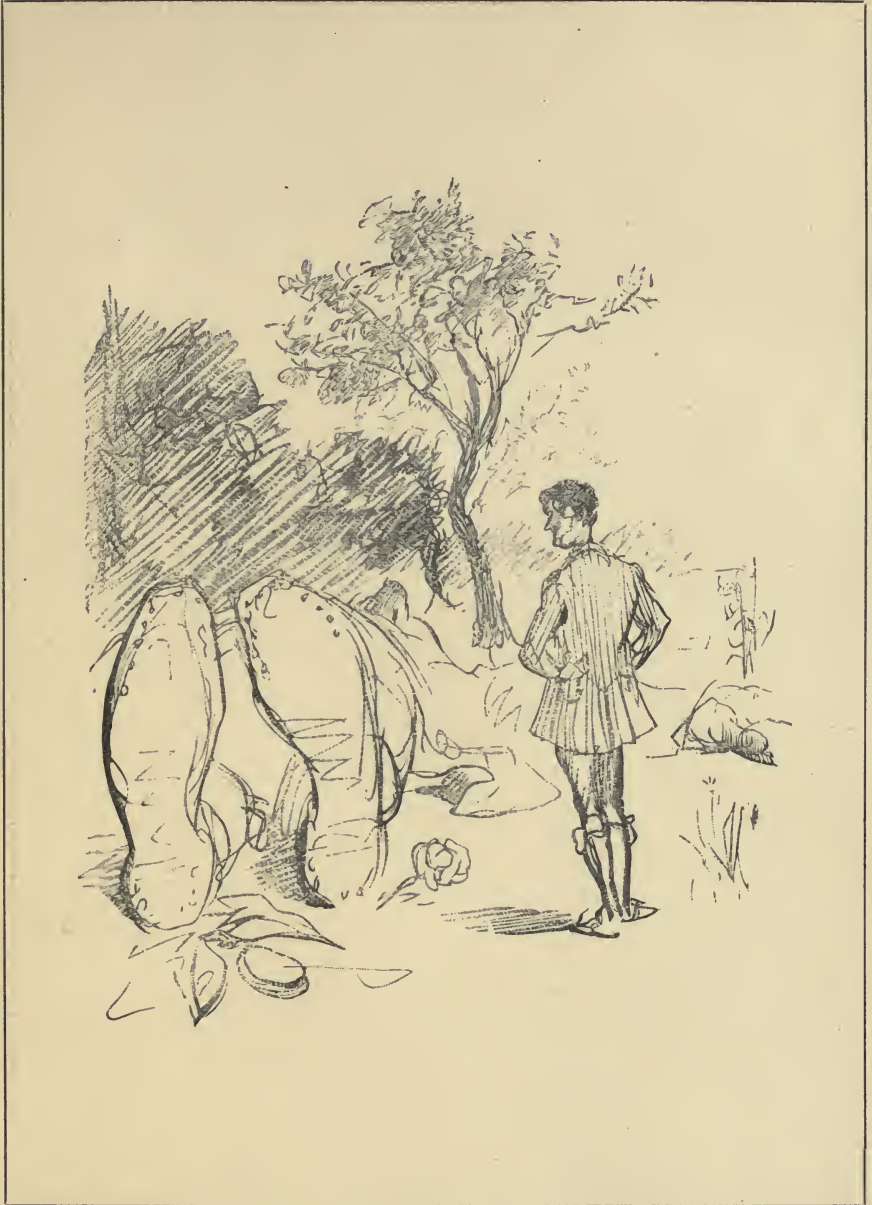


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elbow ;

"There's your old 'un ! of him pray give your candid
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Sweetly the mystical harp responded, "Master, a rascal !"





Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh.

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